

DELEGATES FORSAKE GEN. WOOD

SO CALLED "PEOPLE'S CHOICE" RUNNING SECOND TO LOWDEN ON FIRST THREE BALLOTS TAKEN SATURDAY—LEADING CANDIDATES AND PLATFORM DO NOT AGREE—REPUBLICANS FEAR WRATH OF PEOPLE

Convention news was at a premium on the street all day today. Early morning reports that Wood was losing and Lowden gaining was received without comment. Except for a few enthusiasts no one was able to see why Wood should be president, and the attempt of the Indiana papers to boost him at the expense of the other candidates has reacted against him both here and at the convention.

Sentiment on the street seemed to be swinging toward Lowden, but there was general uncertainty as to results, and the rank and file of the Republicans had settled down into an attitude of expecting a dark horse and waiting ready to accept whatever was handed out by the convention.

Enthusiasm was rapidly cooling. Lowden did stand for a budget but the other candidates stand for nothing and the platform adopted has given them nothing to stand for or for the party to build upon. More and more the whole thing is seen as a frameup of office seekers and office holders. The general belief that the Republicans would have a walk over this year, held by Republicans a few days ago, is fading, and as the convention progresses enthusiasm becomes less and less.

Leading Republicans returning from Chicago after the balloting of Friday declared that the group that dictated the platform would nominate the candidate for president. The platform is opposed to the League of Nations. Both Wood and Lowden in their speeches seeking the nomination, declared for the League with reservation. Johnson and Knox, of the men whose names are before the convention, were altogether opposed to it. Only one of these men could consistently run on this platform as adopted. Many of the prominent Republicans are wondering how the party will square this plank with the resolutions of hundreds perhaps thousands of societies over the country that have declared in favor of the League in some form.

At the close of seventh ballot Lowden was one half a vote ahead of Wood. Wood had fallen back in the fifth and sixth ballot but had gained some strength in the seventh. At one o'clock, after three ballots had been taken the convention was no nearer a choice than on Friday.

At the end of the eighth ballot, Lowden led Wood by fifteen. Lowden however had fallen from his high vote of 312 to 307. Harding was making the most rapid gains, and had a vote of 99. Recess was taken until 4 o'clock. Many believe no nomination will be made before Monday.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday morning service in the Ader block on the second floor at 11 o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Wednesday evening testimony service at 8 o'clock.
Everybody welcome.

MAPLE HEIGHTS CHURCH

Sunday school 2:30
Preaching 7:45
Subject: The Track Meet by student pastor I. Carnes.
Dr. Wylie will give a stereopticon lecture at 8 o'clock. The pastor is very desirous of having a large attendance at this lecture.

Prof. F. C. Thiden has accepted an invitation to deliver the Commencement address for the graduating exercises of Ripley county June 24. There are about 250 graduates of the county schools who will receive their diplomas on that day.

NEW DEVELOPMENT MEANS GREATER GROWTH OF GREENCASTLE

NEW RESIDENTIAL SECTION BECOMING ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOTS IN GREENCASTLE—MANY CHOICE LOTS HAVE BEEN PURCHASED BY OUTSIDERS

As the growth of a city is dependent upon the bringing in of new residents, and the development of new territory, Greencastle will be benefited by the development and sale of the new Northwood Addition.

Other tracts will no doubt be opened adjacent to the city as the conditions justify. Other cities in the state have spread out taking in miles of territory and adding many hundreds of people to their population. The same policy has been used in every instance that is now being applied in Northwood.

Favored first by location and by natural beauty this tract has an advantage that few places in the middle west enjoy. Located only a few blocks from the business section and with elevated terraced lots overlooking the valley to the north and endowed by nature with giant forest trees which tower high in the air and assured abundant shade when desired, this suburb will be of beauty.

Naturally those who buy first, get in on the "ground floor" as far as prices and choice locations are concerned. As buildings go up and choice lots pass into the hands of different owners, values will rise proportionately. People make values.

Greencastle is coming into its own. The location of the American Zinc Plant and the Indiana Portland Cement Plant has put new life into business and industrial Greencastle.

Over one hundred additional homes are needed to accommodate the people who want to locate in Greencastle and when these are built more will be needed immediately. Greencastle is just starting to grow.

Northwood in our estimation is ahead of the times somewhat but Greencastle will grow to it. The demand is here and the men behind the Northwood development should be complimented for showing their faith in Greencastle and giving to the city a developed and restricted residential section which would be a credit to a city twenty times the size of Greencastle today.

Thousands of dollars are being spent on improvements and the same are being put in and paid for by the development company and there will be no special assessments to the lot owners for the same, the improvements are free, and included in the price of the lots.

The property is reasonably restricted and there are different sections in Northwood so that anyone who desires to build can select a lot in the location that suits his pocket book for the class of home he desires to build, there will be a place for the workingman's modern cottage and also a place for the up to the minute mansion. The lots are so planned that regular estates can be laid out and improved with small lakes, rustic bridges etc. and at a small expense.

Work on the improvements is being rapidly pushed, the men and machines are at work on the sanitary sewer and the streets are being graded ready for the macadam which will be started on Greenwood Avenue this week.

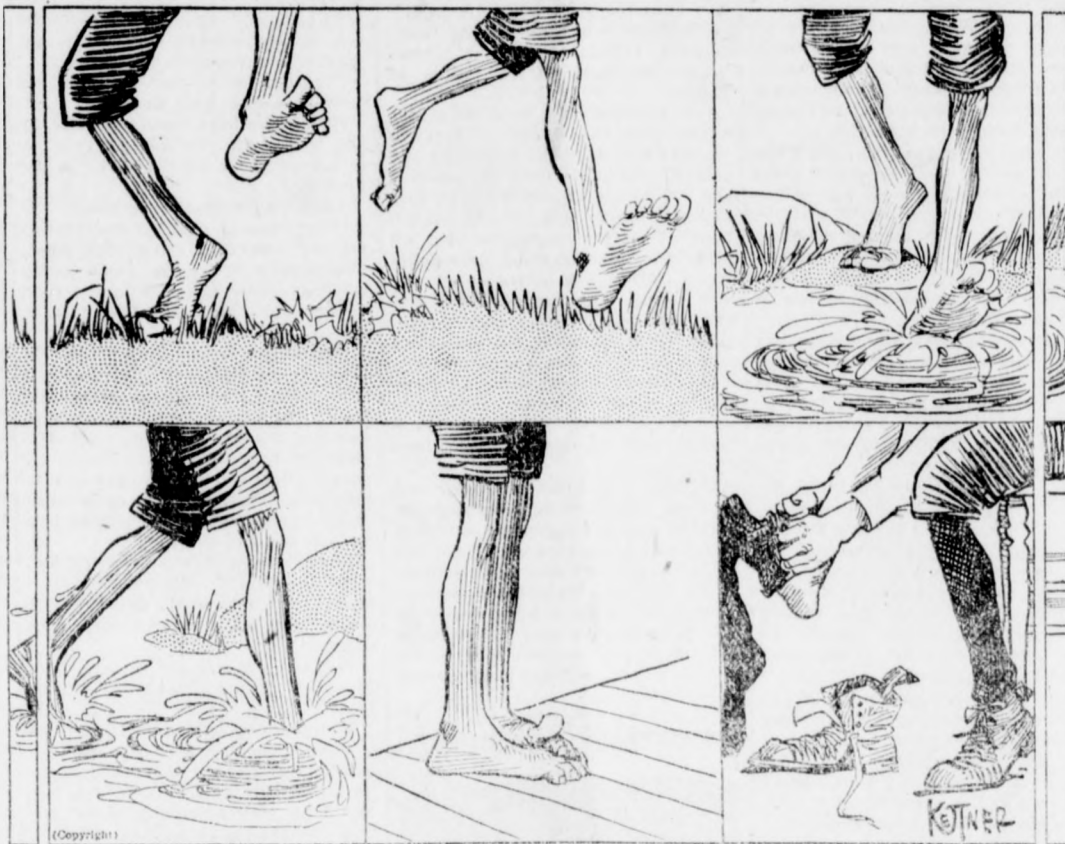
RETAIL SECTION TO MEET

The retail section of the Chamber of Commerce will meet at the commercial club Monday evening and plan for the continuation of the trade days.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Albert Lawrence Tidrick, Minister
Sunday School 9:45
Grant Scott Superintendent.
Morning Worship 10:40
Subject: The Great Affirmation.
B. Y. P. U. Meeting 6:45
Children's day Program 8:00

The End of a Perfect Day



CEMENT PLANT SHIPMENTS GO BY MOTOR TRUCK

RAIL DIFFICULTIES COMPEL USERS OF LOCAL COMPANY'S PRODUCT TO HAUL LONG DISTANCES BY TRUCK—FLEET OF THIRTY LOADED BY INDIANA CEMENT COMPANY ON FRIDAY

Users of cement from all over the state of Indiana who have found the product of the local plant highly satisfactory, refuse to be balked by the current shortage of freight cars for such transportation and are hauling cement by motor truck. On Friday thirty trucks were loaded at the cement company's plant at Limesdale. Many of these trucks were from a distance, Indianapolis, Sullivan, Worthington, Brazil, Clinton being among the Indiana cities represented in the cross country transportation.

Building has been held up in many places by the shortage of material due to the freight situation, and the heavy trucks seem to be the solution. Trucks from nearby cities, like Brazil and Terre Haute are making two trips a day. Located as the Indiana Company is in the center of a great building district it is possible for this company to supply material by truck where work would have to be depended upon state plants had to be depended upon.

A group of children gave a very clever farce "Teacups Fortune" that was written by Francis Eckhardt on Friday at the home of Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Eckhardt. An entertaining program preceded the play. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the third ward Playground Fund. The following children took part: Emma Louise Gerhardt, Anna Louise Harney, James Harney, Harriett Barnum, Harry Gough, Mona, Francis and Bowne Eckhardt.

Miss Hall who has been here the past few weeks the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Shute has gone to Lexington, Va. where she will attend the Commencement exercises of Washington and Lee University.

Prof. and Mrs. T. L. Harris of Baldwin, Kansas are the Commencement guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Shafer.

Miss Estelle Durburow who has been attending DePauw University this year will return to her home in Kansas City, Mo. on Monday.

Mrs. Charles Moore of Indianapolis is here spending the week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Alspaugh.

MRS. H. B. LONGDON RESIGNS AS SUPERINTENDENT

At a called meeting of the Sunday school board of the Locust street church Friday night the resignation of Mrs. H. B. Longdon as superintendent of the Sunday school was accepted and William R. VanArsdale was elected to fill the place. Mrs. Longdon is to be superintendent Emeritus. Jesse McNally was elected as second assistant. La Vergne Courtney was made assistant secretary, and J. E. Cash was chosen chairman of the welcome committee with W. W. Seller and wife as assistants. Henry Cook was leader of the orchestra assisted by Helen Wilson, Marguerite Fox was chosen orchestra leader assisted by Miss Ida Long with Ruth Wilson and Helen Kendall, assistants. Mrs. Bertram Knight was elected treasurer of the birthday collections. Mrs. Scates was selected teacher of the 7th and 8th grade boys class.

DEATH OF WESLEY BOWEN

On Friday night occurred the death of Mr. Wesley Bowen, one of the best known and oldest of the residents of Putnam county. Mr. Bowen died where he had lived for many years at his farm home near Mt. Meridian. The interment will be on Sunday, the services to be held at Stilesville.

Mr. Bowen was the grandfather of O. G. Webb, treasurer of Putnam County, and Mr. Webb made his home with him for several years after the death of his father.

UNIVERSITY BACCALAUREATE SERVICES TO BE HELD SUNDAY

The Baccalaureate services for DePauw University will be held Sunday in McIlhenny Hall. The following program has been arranged.

10:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Services. Sermon by Dr. George R. Grose LL.D. 7 P. M. Vesper Service. Music by University Choir and String Quartet. Vesper address by Rev. Wei Ping Chen, D. D. Editor of the Chinese Christian Endeavor.

Charles J. Arnold was called to Little Rock, Arkansas late Friday evening by the critical illness of his sister Mrs. Joe Adams. Mrs. Adams who was suddenly stricken with an attack of appendicitis several days ago underwent an operation at the hospital in Little Rock. Her condition is serious. Mrs. Adams was formerly Miss Dorothy Arnold of this city.

Mrs. Robert Hamrick spent Friday in Brazil.

A large collection of books on economics and sociology belonging to the library of the late Col. James Riley Weaver and donated by Mrs. Weaver to the J. R. Weaver department of the library of the university, have been received by the library and are being classified and catalogued.

GREENCASTLE TRADE DAY BIG EVENT

THE BIG TRADE DAY SPONSORED BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN CO OPERATION WITH THE MERCHANTS OF GREENCASTLE IN FULL SWING TODAY—ONE OF MANY SIMILAR EVENTS TO BE GIVEN BY THE MERCHANTS OF THE CITY

The first big trade day staged by the merchants of Greencastle under the supervision of the local Chamber of Commerce began this morning with a bang.

The merchants are offering many attractive bargains, many of which are below the actual cost of the goods offered. Any good buyer by going the rounds of the stores can buy a great supply at a very low figure and at a savings to themselves.

The farmers were unable to be in early this morning but a great crowd came in Greencastle later in the day. The Greencastle band will give a concert tonight on the south side of the court house and as the band is in fine shape a real concert is expected to be given.

Mrs. Isaac Neff of Chicago is here visiting her mother Mrs. Price who lives at the home of Henry Bicknell on east Seminary street.

William Vestal and Clarence Vestal went to Indianapolis this morning to spend the day.

Miss Mary Ann Scholl of Rushville, arrived today to be the Commencement guest of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Christie.

Wolves in Manitoba Meet Trains, Claim

Winnipeg, Man.—According to Christopher Possett, station agent at Ginton Village, a short distance from here, the only thing wolves don't insist on doing in his town is eating.

Possett was here to get provincial permission to carry a gun and says the wolves know the railroad timetables as well as the chief dispatcher and come in droves to meet the incoming trains.

He was given the permit, bought a gun and loaded up with enough ammunition to last him a year or two.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD

Personal and Local News

C. C. Gillen spent Friday in Terre Haute on business.

Charles McGaughey, A. G. Brown, S. G. Nelson, and Prof. Smythe returned from Chicago Friday night where they attended the Republican convention.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Smith of Indianapolis motored to this city and will spend the week end with the latter's mother Mrs. R. A. Lawton who resides on east Franklin street.

Three coop of homing pigeons containing more than a hundred birds were opened in front of the express office this morning at 7 o'clock and the birds started on their long flight back to Cleveland, from which city they were shipped to Greencastle.

Mrs. E. E. Caldwell has returned from Indianapolis where she has been for several days. She attended the Indianapolis Centennial Celebration.

The meeting of the Business Women's League for Tuesday evening has been postponed until Tuesday June 22.

Bee Hive Rebekah Lodge will meet in regular session Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Dollie Caldwell, N. G.

The officers of the Christian Sunday school desire that every member of the Sunday school be present Sunday morning to allow the perfecting of the plans for the Children's Day exercises to be given on Sunday June 20.

The members of the Baptist church Sunday school held a social Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Vandiver on south College Ave. The social was given for the benefit of the church and proved to be a success.

A. B. Hanna will leave Sunday for Portland, Oregon where he will attend the Shriner's national convention.

W. R. C. No. 23 will meet in regular session Monday afternoon. Margaret Mamrick, Pres. Kate Snider, Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Snider have gone to Lafayette where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. George Snider for several days.

Arthur Dean, a graduate student in history at DePauw who has been engaged in writing the war history of Putnam County's war activities, is now finishing his work after an absence from the city of several months.

Leslie Canup who will take a master's degree in history from DePauw this commencement, and who has been teaching in Wisconsin for the past year is in Greencastle for Commencement week.

Farmer's in town for the day report that the recent hot and dry weather is injuring wheat, which is now in bloom and in just the right condition to be seriously hurt by heat and drought.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Curry of Hartford City arrived today to attend the commencement exercises of DePauw. Their daughter Miss Edith is one of this year's graduates.

Dr. James A. Moag of Indianapolis spent the day in Greencastle on business.

Mrs. C. B. Allison of Mattoon, Ill. will arrive on Monday for a short visit with her daughter Mrs. George R. Christie and Mr. Christie.

Howard Parnaby who has been spending several weeks in Asheville, N. C. has returned to his home in Greencastle.

Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Gobin are entertaining this evening with a six o'clock dinner.

Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Dodson and daughter Miss Dorothy spent Friday at Eel River Falls.

ORVAL FULTZ IS INJURED AT A&C QUARRY

MAN IS BADLY INJURED WHEN HIS LEG IS CAUGHT IN THE SLACK OF A ROPE USED IN PULLING CARS INTO BINS FOR LOADING—INJURED MEMBER AMPUTATED JUST BELOW THE KNEE

Orval Fultz who resides at the corner of Tennessee and Bloomington streets was badly injured at near eight o'clock this morning when his leg became entangled in a rope used to pull cars into the bins for loading.

At the quarry a hoisting engine and a cable are used to pull the cars into the bins for loading. When the car had been started, Fultz forgot to loosen the rope. When he noticed that the rope was still fastened to the car he rushed in to loosen it. At this time he still had plenty of slack and his foot became entangled in the rope and when he failed to get the rope loose the car took up the slack and crushed the leg just above the ankle.

The injury resulted in a compound fracture which made it necessary to amputate the leg between the ankle and the knee. Dr. W. W. and C. C. Tucker assisted by Dr. Hutcheson performed the operation.

Fultz recently moved to Greencastle from Spencer where he was formerly employed. He is married and the father of four children.

TRUCK DAMAGED BY TRAIN

William Randel and the driver of his truck had a narrow escape and the truck itself was damaged on Friday afternoon at the Cement plant. This truck was being loaded with cement when a cut of empty cars backing into the loading shed, collided with the truck pushing it some distance and breaking the woodwork. The chassis and motor were not injured. The men loading the truck jumped to safety.

USE ARMY BRIDGES

Forest Service Plans to Utilize Surplus Supply.

End of War Found Government with Considerable Surplus Material On Hand.

Washington—As the Germans returned their last effort was always directed at the destruction of the bridges behind them. The United States army engineers were prepared for this and were supplied with what is known as "fabricated material"—steel girders and trusses all drilled at the factory and ready to be set up across the Alsne or the Marne, or whatever river it happened to be, so that Yank could cross and again close with his foes.

The end of the war came too soon to make it necessary to use all this bridge material, and the bureau of public roads, United States department of agriculture, has its engineers on the problem of adapting the surplus for use in the forest reserves and national parks.

"Fabricated material" means that the parts are ready drilled for connection. This steelwork is, in short, easily handled sections—no part weighs over 2,500 pounds—and it probably will lend itself as easily to the uses of the summer vacationist as to the hoboed tramp of an armed infantryman moving at double-quick.

Besides 168 spans of drilled material, there is at Camp Humphreys, Va., about 900 tons of unfabricated stuff. This will be examined by experts and much of it will be used in the national forests. A rough estimate places the value of this surplus material at about \$900,000.

Dr. W. W. Tucker has returned from Cincinnati, Ohio, where he went to attend the reunion of his class in Medical College.

The St. Paul Baptist church, colored, will hold its annual baptizing on Sunday at 12:00 o'clock at Big Walnut creek near the water works pumping station.



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Secure from thieves or fire;

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R. L. O'Hair, Pres. S. A. Hays, Vice Pres. J. L. Randel Cashier and Secretary.

OPERA HOUSE

A. COOK, Prop. & Mgr.

Doors Open at 6:30 Two Shows Show Starts 7:00

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

W. H. Production Co. Presents

William S. Hart

In the Five Part Photo Play

"In Staking His Life"

A Gripping Western Drama

It's A Drama Van Special Picture

Goldwyn Bray Pictograph

GREENCASTLE IS COMING INTO IT'S OWN

Greencastle has an unsurpassed location for factories, being located near the center of population, within 24 hours of two-thirds of the population of the United States and at the edge of both the coal and oil fields, with unlimited stone deposits, glass sand and surrounded by one of the finest farming and stock-raising countries in America.

The railroad facilities of Greencastle surpass the facilities of any city of its size in the world. Eighty-two (82) passenger trains stop daily in Greencastle to take on and discharge passengers, and there are over fifty freight trains running on regular local schedule. Located on the main lines of the Pennsylvania, the New York Central (Big Four Route) and the Monon Railroads, and also on the T.H.I. and E. Electric Traction Line, with hourly schedules to both Indianapolis and Terre Haute.

GREENCASTLE NOTED AS A COLLEGE TOWN

Greencastle has long been noted as an educational center, the DePauw University with an enrollment of over 1,600 students and with buildings and grounds valued at more than Three Million Dollars with 60 professors and instructors and 50 other employees. Besides DePauw the public schools represent an investment of over \$250,000 which includes the new model high school. The public schools employ over forty teachers.

AN INDUSTRIAL CENTER

Greencastle is an industrial center that is just coming into its own. For several years we have had fifteen manufacturing establishments including the Barnaby Lumber Mill, Bittles Handle Factory, A. & C. Stone Company, O. & I. Stone Company, American Glass & Sand Company, Greencastle cabinet Company, Harris Milling Company, Big Four Mill, and Reid-Murdock Mfg. Co., and there was located in Greencastle two live up to date, manufacturing establishments, which is only the beginning of a great industrial growth and which opens the way for a greater and larger Greencastle these plants are the American Zinc Products Company and the Indiana Portland Cement Company.

100 ADDITIONAL HOMES NEEDED

The location of the two factories in Greencastle soon filled up all the property and right now between 100 and 150 homes are needed to house the people who would locate in Greencastle if they could secure a place to live. As a matter of public pride and to show your faith in Greencastle it would pay every public spirited business man or property owner to build a new dwelling this summer and help relieve the acute shortage of houses and at the same time help to make Greencastle a greater city.

OWN A HOME IN NORTHWOOD

In order to supply the demand for building sites on which to erect the houses which are needed so badly in Greencastle, a local company was organized and there is now being developed and improved an addition of beautiful building sites which is located close in to the business center and makes an ideal place for homes. There will be building sites in NORTHWOOD for everyone, whether they desire to build a neat five room cottage or a modern mansion. The purchase of a lot however does not obligate one to build but the people of foresight, are reserving the choice locations in Northwood, now, and will either build or sell out later at a good profit.

REASONABLE RESTRICTIONS

There are three different sections in NORTHWOOD, which are restricted as to the class of homes so that a person can buy in the section in which will be built or in which there is now building the price home which he contemplates building. Some people have gotten the idea that only the finest homes and the finest residences will be built in NORTHWOOD but while we have now building some of the highest priced and best homes in Greencastle we also have a section in which the high class workman or mechanic can also build neat modern bungalows and cottage homes costing \$2,500, or more and in this section we have some of the most beautiful and best located lots in the entire addition.

IMPROVEMENTS GUARANTEED

The NORTHWOOD improvements consisting of macadamized streets, sanitary sewer system and parkway system with trees and shrubs is being installed by the local company of which William Kreigh is President, Andrew Hirt, Vice President, A. G. Brown, Treas. and Fred Thomas Director. City water, gas and electric lights have been extended into NORTHWOOD and connected with the new homes now being built.

ADVANCE IN VALUE A CERTAINTY

With the homes now under contract to be built, together with the 60 lots which have been reserved by people of vision and foresight, advance in value of the Northwood homesites is now a certainty. Many people want to see the houses completed, the macadam streets all finished, the parkway system set out and growing and these people will pay from 25 percent to 100 percent advance in the present prices of Northwood homesites. If you desire to help make a greater Greencastle and to own a choice fully improved lot for either a home or an investment—Do Not Delay. See Northwood Today. Phone 390 for automobile.

Kagay Realty Co.

First Nat'l Bank Bldg. Field Office, Northwood Blvd. & Highwood Ave.

SEE VALUABLE PRESENT ON DISPLAY IN S. C. PREVO & SONS

SHOW WINDOW

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF COUNTY COUNCIL

A special meeting of the County Council will be held at the Auditors office in Greencastle on Friday June

25th, 1920

By order of the Board of Commissioners of Putnam County.
Respectfully Submitted
R. E. KNOLL, Auditor of Putnam County.

11D, June 12

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

BARNSTORMING

BARNSTORMING is a pastime of the crude and unrefined amateur actor who draws whatever salary is left after paying car fare to the next town and who welcomes any kind of applause, from fresh eggs to early vegetables.

Most of our barnstormers leap to the role in "St. Elmo" with so much success that they are often confused for the real article. They have a very complex and exhausting life, as they are obliged to get up at noon, dress carefully for the parade, learn which side of the stage to come in on, and strangle the English language throughout the evening performance.

There is quite a little acting concealed on the barnstorming circuit. Some of it is concealed so successfully that the audiences remonstrate by decorating the drop curtain with



He memorizes Marc Antony's oration and cultivates a stage stride.

floral tributes in the form of cabbage and pink carrots. Every barnstormer expects some day to make E. H. Sothern look like the end man in a home talent minstrel. To that end, he memorizes Marc Antony's oration between meals and cultivates a stage stride which is a cross between the stilt-walking crane and a cripple with a club foot.

In some localities which never have a chance to see the drama except when somebody in a touring car runs over a setting hen, the barnstormer is welcomed as a refreshing change from pitching quots and betting on the duration of the Mexican war. It must be admitted, however, that not all of the barnstorming now in progress takes place in the rural precincts. A pretty fair imitation can occasionally be found in theaters which set a man back \$4 for the family circle. This tends to prove that true merit often goes unrecognized, while a superior quality of nonchalant nerve gets the coin.

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RIZAL, FILIPINO MARTYR, WROTE REMARKABLE POEM

By FORMER CONGRESSMAN CLYDE H. TAVENNER.



DR. JOSE RIZAL,
The Filipino Patriot.

Every year June 19 is celebrated by Filipinos as the anniversary of the birthday of the Filipino martyr, Dr. Jose Rizal, regarded as the greatest man the Malay race has produced.

Rizal, who spoke seven languages and was a cultured and much traveled man (on one occasion he traveled across the United States), earned the enmity of Spanish governors in the Philippines by protesting against the oppression of the Filipino people. As a boy he had witnessed scenes that sent shafts of grief into his poet soul, and he early dedicated his life to the liberation of his "land adored." At the risk of his life, and at the sacrifice of his career, friends and loved ones, he became the spokesman for the stifled grievances of the voiceless multitude, and thus became "the living indictment of Spain's wretched colonial system."

Rizal could have saved his life, as he had been warned by friends not to return to the islands. He could not be dissuaded, but before returning to Manila left a letter with a friend in Hongkong to be opened after his death, in which he wrote: "Gladly do I go to expose myself to peril, not as any expiation of misdeed (for in this matter I believe myself guiltless of any), but to complete my work and myself after the example of which I have always preached. A man ought to die for duty and his principles. I hold fast to every idea which I have advanced as to the condition and future of our country, and shall willingly die for it. I hold duties of conscience above all else. Besides I wish to show those who deny us patriotism that we know how to die for duty and principles."

While Rizal was in Europe working for Philippine reforms, the Spanish governor-general, to indirectly punish Rizal, carried on a relentless persecution of his parents and relatives in the Philippines, driving them into exile. To his parents Rizal left a second letter, saying: "Should fate go against me, you will understand that I shall die happy in the thought that my death will end all your troubles. Return to our country and may you be happy in it. Till the last moment of my life I shall be thinking of you and wishing you all good fortune and happiness."

Spain had meanwhile determined on having Rizal's life, foolishly thinking that if his voice was stifled agitation for the reforms he championed would end. Rizal was arrested on a trumped up charge of treason and condemned to death. But no sooner had the firing squad completed its work than the teachings of Rizal about instantaneously became the passionate inspiration of the whole Filipino race. His unjust execution had simply transferred the intense patriotism of Rizal to the breasts of an entire nation of people. The Philippine nationalism of today dates from the sunny morning of December 30, 1896, when Rizal was led forth from his prison to willingly give, as he himself said, his life for his country's redemption.

While touring in the Philippines recently the conviction was ever present in my mind, and I could not throw it off, that the real inspiration as well as the leadership of the Filipino people in their present desire for independence is the spirit of Jose Rizal. The memory of Rizal and the desire for independence seems to be synonymous in the mind of the average Filipino.

Rizal is the inspiration of all classes, of old and young, of all the people; he is not dead, for his spirit is everywhere in that beautiful land. His picture adorns the homes of the poorest families; streets, avenues and cities are named in his honor, while his statue stands in the parks and public squares. In life Rizal was a beautiful character, kind and considerate of all, gladly giving his life for his country, and in memory he has become the national idol. With such a spirit as its national inspiration the Philippines can not help but reach heights now not dreamed of.

While awaiting death in his cell during his last night on earth Rizal wrote a remarkable poem, "My Last Farewell." He secreted the manuscript in an alcohol cooling lamp, where it was found after his execution. It follows:

MY LAST FAREWELL.

By DR. JOSE RIZAL.

Farewell, dear fatherland, clime of the sun
Caresse'd, Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost;
Gladly now I go to give thee this faded
Life's best.

And were it brighter, fresher or more
Bliss'd,
Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost.

On the field of battle, 'midst the frenzied
Fights,
Others have given their lives without
Doubt or need;
The place matters not—express or laurel
Or bay white.

Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyr-
dom's plight,
'Tis ever the same, to serve our home and
country's need.

I die just when I see the dawn break
Through the gloom of night, to herald the
day.
And if color is lacking my blood thou
shalt take.

Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake,
To dye with its crimson thy waking ray.

My dreams, when life first opened to me,
My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat
high,
Were to see thy loved face, O gem of the
Orient sea.

From gloom and grief, from care and
sorrow free;
No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine
eye.

Dream of my life, my living and burning
desire,
All hail! cries the soul that is now to take
flight.

All hail! And sweet it is for thee to expire!
To die for thy sake that thou may'st
aspire;
And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long
night.

If over my grave some day thou seest
grief,
In the grassy sod, a humble flower,
Draw it to the lips and kiss my soul so
free,
While I may feel on my brow in the cold
tomb below
The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's
warm flower.

Let the moon beam over me soft and
serene,
Let the dawn shed over me its radiant
flashes,
Let the wind with sad lament over me
keen;
And if on my cross a bird should be seen,
Let it thrill there its hymn of peace to my
ashes.

Let the sun draw its waters up to the sky,
And heavenward in purity near my tarry
rest;
Let some kind soul o'er my untimely fate
protest;

And in the still evening a prayer be lifted
on high,
From thee, O my country, that in God I
may rest.

Pray for all those that hapless have died,
For all who have suffered the unmeasured
pain;
For our mothers that bitterly their woes
have cried;

For widows and orphans, for captives by
torment tried,
And then for thyself that redemption thou
may'st gain.

And when the dark night wraps the
graveyard around,
With only the dead in their vigil to see;
Break not my repose or the mystery
profound.

And perchance thou may'st hear a sad
hymn resound;
'Tis I, O my country, raising a song unto
thee.

When even my grave is remembered no
more,
Unmarked by never a cross or a stone;
Let the plow sweep through it, the spade
turn it o'er,

That my ashes may carpet thy earthly
floor,
Before thou nothingness at last they are
thrown.

Then will oblivion bring me no care,
As o'er thy valleys and plains I sweep,
Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and
air.

With color and light, with song and
lament I fare,
Ever repeating the faith that I keep.

My fatherland adored, that sadness to my
sorrow lends,
Beloved Philippines, hear now my last
goodbye.

I give thee all: parents and kindred and
land,
For I go where no slave before the
oppressor bends.

Where faith can never kill, and God
reigns e'er on high.

Farewell, fatherland and mother and brothers,
Dear friends of the fireside!
Thankful ye should be for me that I rest
at the end of the long day.

Farewell, sweet, from the stranger's land,
My joy and my comrade!
Farewell, dear ones, farewell! To die is
to rest from our labors!

PREFERS INDE- PENDENCE TO HIGH POSITION

The Democratic party of the Philippines will join the Nacionalista party, which is now in power, in the demand for immediate independence of the Philippines, Senator Teodoro Sandiko, only member of the Democratic party in the Philippine senate, said in an address at a luncheon at Manila. This



Hon. Sergio Osmena, noted Filipino leader, who stated he would prefer to be humblest citizen under independence than leader under another country.

means that all political parties in the Philippines are united for independence.

The luncheon was given for members of both houses of the Philippine legislature by former Senator Gabaldon, recently chosen resident commissioner at Washington.

Sergio Osmena, speaker of the Philippine house of representatives and head of the dominant Nacionalista party, who was recently termed "the greatest Filipino since Rizal," addressing Senator Gabaldon, said:

"We urge upon you in your capacity of resident commissioner to the United States to tell Congress and the people of that noble country that we who are gathered here today would prefer to be the lowest and humblest citizens of the Philippines with independence in our hands than the leaders that we now are in our country under the tutelage of another country."

URGE EXAMPLE OF SELF-DETERMINATION

That friends of Irish independence in the American Congress could make a more effective impression on Great Britain by granting Philippine independence than by merely expressing sympathy with Irish aspirations is the suggestion contained in a statement issued by the Philippine Press Bureau of Washington, D. C.

"Twice in a period of nine months," reads the statement, "the United States Senate went on record as being in sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people for a government of their own choice."

"Still another way for the friends of Irish independence, in the American Congress to make an impressive argument would be to grant the independence of the 10,500,000 inhabitants of the Philippines have repeatedly demanded. America's own representatives in the islands have officially reported they are ready for independence and have recommended that such independence be granted."

"We submit that the granting of Philippine independence would be likely to be accepted by Great Britain as even stronger proof of America's belief in self-determination than the passage of the Irish resolutions, because Great Britain's councilors of state could not then successfully make the point that the American Congress is asking Great Britain to do something the United States itself has been asked to do and has not done."

"The Philippine people have confidence in the word of America and hope that now that the Senate has reiterated its sympathy with the principle of self-determination it will give Great Britain and the other powers of the world a concrete example of consistency and good faith by granting Philippine independence."

YOUNG FILIPINO WON FRENCH WAR CROSS.

Gregorio Cailles, a Filipino, recently returned to his Philippine home wearing a French uniform and a Croix de Guerre with palm. Cailles in December, 1916, arrived in France and enlisted as a private. He made an excellent record as a soldier. At one time when all the officers of his company had been killed, he took command and led the men in a charge. He was decorated for this act of bravery by the French Government.

ALEXA

By DOROTHY O. GRAVES.

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Theodore, aged twenty-three, college graduate, six feet two, his near-sighted blue eyes heavily speckled, and surmounting Thayer, accepted the instructorship in botany in an Illinois university. He arrived, a sun-baked, dust-caked young man in the town of La Salle on a torrid day with an arid prairie breeze blowing as Theodore had never dreamed a wind could blow.

He was met with a boisterous welcome by his old college chum, Dick Haskell. "Ted, such good luck for you to come! When I heard I nearly split my sides. Boston Teddy in Illinois was too much for me! But come on, there's a bath and lunch ready at home."

After his bath, Theodore sat down to the bountiful lunch and chat with Dick and Mrs. Dick. Dick kept the conversational ball bounding. "Friday night's the faculty reception, Ted. Each man takes a girl, so Molly and I chose Alexa for you."

"Dick did," laughed Molly. "And we're having her over to tea this evening, so you can meet her."

"I really do not care for young ladies, Richard. I have—er fully grown women the sex, and my entire concentration I put into flowers and my work upon them."

"Never mind, Teddy, you'll get over all of that. We'll make a man of you yet."

At tea Theodore fumbled considerably and finally upset the sugar bowl. Mrs. Molly, however, tactfully turned attention away from all his blundering.

Alexa, charming as well as beautiful, fingered the teacup daintily and asked Theodore about flowers generally.

Theodore answered brusquely and finally ended the conversation with the comment that he never could get anything out of talking to a girl, anyhow. Alexa was uncertain whether to be amused or miserable.

Happily Mrs. Molly came to the rescue. "Alexa, we are going to expect you to help get Ted acquainted here."

"I really must go, dear," Alexa said to Mrs. Molly. "I've enjoyed the tea so much, but isn't Mr. Thayer rather well—er—different?" she added in an undertone.

"You mustn't mind him, dear. He's really very nice and lots of fun when you know him. Dick and he were roommates at college. Let's you and I help Dick make a man of him."

Alexa responded with an affectionate hug as she left, but called back, "He is different, though, Molly."

Friday came. Theodore broke a lens to his microscope and left his work early because he could not work without it. On his way homeward he passed the Drew residence. Alexa was on the lawn.

Theodore's footsteps on the cement walk ceased so suddenly that the silence fairly shrieked and the girl looked up.

"Is it you, Mr. Thayer?" she called gaily. "How are the flowers?"

Theodore, the botanist, suddenly became Teddy the young man. He vaulted the picket fence with an assurance of himself and a real boyhood.

"Alexa," he said. "I am so glad to see you."

"You have pretty hair, Alexa," said Teddy.

"You have beautiful flowers, Mr. Thayer," said Alexa.

"Oh, but the flowers, they are, er—Theodore had come again into his own. "The flowers, my dear Miss Drew are very beautiful. Beside them, a man is but an—er, imperfect—er, attempt at—"

"But I learned at the university that flowers are but one form of evolution. Yes, yes, true. Some do teach that, but in life nothing is beautiful but nature, and plants are nature, flowers are plants; nothing is more beautiful than the simple little flowers."

"Yes, of course," Alexa agreed, and she tossed her pretty head. She drew her long fingers through her flowing hair, so the sun might penetrate the mass to the remotest curl. "I washed my hair," she stated.

And Teddy was ready. It was the hair that did it. He stammered: "H—honestly, Miss Alexa, I do want you to go to the reception tonight."

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ted asked, his eyes on the hollyhocks.

"The hollyhocks, yes," answered Alexa. "Grandmother is so fond of them."

Alexa watched him quizzically. "Your hair," blurted out Teddy.

"My hair!" exclaimed Alexa, "what is it?"

"I mean something else, something fairer than—er, flowers," Ted stammered, looking at his feet.

Alexa followed his gaze, and doubtfully asked, "I don't understand, just what do you mean?"

Teddy blushed now, and repeated parrot-like, "fairer than flowers, fairer than flowers."

"And you?" Teddy grew brazen. "And me! What—?"

"Fairer than flowers," Teddy called as he vaulted the fence. On the other side his courage returned. He called back, quite like any full-blooded youth, "I'll call for you at eight," and to himself added: "She's so natural."

Alexa laughed to herself, "Ted is so different."

JUST EGGS

By GERTRUDE BALLENTINE.

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"John, would you mind bringing home a dozen of eggs from that nice creamery, near the school?" "All right, mother," replied her son, putting the finishing touches to his already immaculate toilet. "Any other errands?"

John McDermott was the newly appointed teacher of the sixth grade in the school. His fellow teachers considered him rather reserved and dignified. "Some stiff, I'll say," one of the girl teachers had remarked. "Nevertheless, some class, I'll say," supplemented another.

In the meantime McDermott "plodded his weary way" trying to plant the seeds of reading, writing and "fith-metic into little minds that were much more interested in coasting, skating and snowballing."

The dismissal bell sounded, the doors were thrown open; there was a great shuffle of little feet, and the children began to pour out into the afternoon sunshine. Then such noise! Such laughing and shouting! Such throwing and dodging and snowballs!

It was a pretty good old world just the same. So thought the children as they romped and played. So thought the teachers as they put away their books and papers and prepared to go home. So thought Miss Goodwin, the fifth grade teacher, as she dismissed her last pupil, whom she had kept after school for punishment.

Everywhere children were coasting, shouting and playing in the snow. "What a good time the children have," she thought; "wouldn't mind having a few good slides myself. I haven't had a good coast since I was up to Uncle Tom's, in Maine."

At the top of the hill there was more arguing and protesting, but to no avail. It was agreed at last that Miss Goodwin should have the first coast.

She thought how funny she must look, but still she had to admit that it was a dandy slide, and she was enjoying herself. The hill was steep and the sled flew swiftly over the icy snow.

But as fate would have it, just as the sled neared the foot of the hill, a man dashed across its path, intent on catching a street car just slowing down at the next corner. Man and sled reached the spot at the same time. There was a crash as a dozen eggs struck the icy pavement, and sprawling in undignified confusion in the gutter lay John McDermott.

"What luck?" he muttered. Then, as he faced his assailant, he stammered: "I beg your pardon, Miss Goodwin. I—"

"The fault was all mine," she said. By that time McDermott had recovered himself. "I don't generally come this way," he said; "but I had an errand to do today. But I hope you are not hurt, Miss Goodwin. I should never forgive myself."

When she had assured him that she was quite all right, he said he must be getting along toward home. "Oh, but your package, Mr. McDermott," she called after him.

"That's all right. They are—just eggs," he laughed. "I guess they are broken." A yellow, oozy mass on the pavement confirmed his statement.

Next morning McDermott found on his desk a box containing a dozen of eggs. He hastened to Miss Goodwin's room for an explanation.

"Oh, but you must take them," she assured him. "I made you break the others."

"Well, in order to get them home safely," he said, smiling, "you must promise not to go coasting this afternoon. Instead, would you care to go tobogganing at the park this evening?"

So they went that evening and many other evenings. It was between the slides, during the long climb up the hill, that Alice Goodwin and John McDermott got to really know each other. The slide was long and the walk back took some minutes, but they seemed all too short to the boy, these walks under the silver moon with the snow crunching under their feet and sparkling like diamonds; while the girl, in her white sweater and tan and rose-colored scarf trudged beside him.

Sometimes before leaving the park they would stand aside and watch the fun on the slide. One night toward the end of the winter it seemed to the boy that the moon was brighter, the wind was soft, and the snow sparkled prettier than ever before. After putting away his toboggan for the evening, they stood for a while on the rock terrace at the left of the toboggan slide.

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed the girl, looking over the miles and miles of sparkling ground, dotted here and there with clumps of trees and shrubbery and the crowd thronging about the slide.

He looked down at her tenderly. "Yes, dear," he said, "but not half so wonderful as you are."

She started. "Why, John?" His arms folded close about her. His cheek brushed her hair. "Do you know, dearest, I have found the 'something' that alone can fill the void in my heart. Don't you think, dear?"

He whispered, "that you could learn to care—for me—just a little?"

A soft light shone in the girl's eyes as she slowly lifted her face to his. And if the old moon saw, he gave no sign, but just kept right on shining.

REDHEAD

By HELEN IVERS.

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Ruth Haynes pulled her hat down as far as possible and tucked stray tendrils of auburn hair underneath. As she did so she spied her brother Fred at the door of the room.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried. "I just hate to go out. Those horrid boys whom I meet every day infuriate me so. It's 'Redhead! Redhead!' until they can't see a single speck of me. And they lie in wait for me every night, too."

"Go a different way, Ruth," Fred called. "Don't mind them. Why, my best chum in college had—"

But the front door banged and Ruth was on her way.

"I won't go a different way," she determined. "I'll just show those horrid creatures what Ruth Haynes can do when she's angry."

"Just let them say 'redhead!' was the rhythm to which she walked. Just as she was passing between two houses she saw them. Fortunately their backs were toward her, so that she could have passed by unseen—and would have, had not a faint cry reached her ears.

"Whom are they annoying now?" she wondered.

Her first thought was to avoid being seen by them, but a second cry caught her attention, and unperceived, she crept up behind the boys and peeked over their shoulders.

A pitiable sight met her eyes. The boys, who were not content to tease those able to protect themselves, were tormenting a tiny, rusty-colored kitten. The boys looking on with delight were not prepared when an irate figure flew at them, which in an instant freed the kitten and held it protectively in her arms.

For a moment the boys were dazed, but soon one of them saw who the kitten's rescuer was.

I haven't the least doubt that in a moment the kitten would have been in their possession, but a surprise awaited them. A strong arm flew out, and the youngsters were completely disarmed by it. Soon only the legs of one could be seen disappearing to safer quarters, and the owner of the arm came back to Ruth, who was untangling the string from around the kitten, and handed the girl her hat.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come along."

"It was nothing," the young man responded. "You are mighty plucky to start things as you did. I'll walk with you for a way, for fear those boys gather courage again."

On the way to the office where Ruth was employed, she told him of her daily fights with the boys, while he listened gravely. Pretty soon they arrived at her destination and the young man saying good-by, lifted his hat, Ruth gasped.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a 'redhead' too."

The office force was delighted with the tiny rusty-colored kitten, which they christened "Reddy," both because of his rescuer's hair and because of the propensity toward that color showed by his own fur. Reddy himself evinced apparent delight at the future life he was evidently to lead.

At closing time Ruth put on her coat and hat, and carrying Reddy, was leaving the building, when someone came up to her and she saw that it was her rescuer of the morning.

"I've been waiting around," he said, "hoping that I shouldn't miss you, for I don't want you to run the risk of being tormented by those youngsters again. Let me carry the kitten."

The exchange was made and they walked on together, past the place where the boys were congregated. The latter reigned not to see our friends, for which Ruth was duly grateful and smiled thankfully at her companion.

"Why," said he, as they stopped before Ruth's home. "This is—"

"You really must come in," she interrupted him. "Fred and my mother and dad would love to meet you, I know."

He assented and Ruth rang the bell. A very few minutes later the door opened and Fred appeared, but he did not see Ruth.

"Jack Evans!" he cried. "I didn't expect you until later. Did you leave anything behind you?"

Then he saw Ruth, and his amazement was great. He started to speak, but she stopped him, smiling, with: "We shall explain when we get in."

Later everything was cleared—about Ruth's and Jack's meeting, and about how Jack had been one of Fred's best chums in college. Reddy was pointed to his heart's content, and everybody spent a very enjoyable evening.

For a long time after Jack called for Ruth on her way to and from work "to protect her," he said, "from further annoyance." His self-appointed duty was only temporary, however, for Ruth resigned her position and took up a "life job" with Jack as financial manager and partner, and Reddy as an honorary member of the firm. Such "Reds" as they were!

Cause of Trouble. Sympathetic Friend—I'm sorry to hear that your marriage to the heiress is an unhappy one. Is it on account of her disposition?

Hunter—Yes, her disposition is to handle all her money herself.—Boston Transcript.

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and mice—that's RAT-SNAP, the old reliable rodent destroyer. Comes in cakes—no mixing with other food. Your money back if it fails.

25c size (1 cake) enough for pantry, kitchen or cellar.

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"I Got Real Mad When I Lost My Setting Hen," Mrs. Hannan

"I went into the henhouse one morning and found my favorite setter dead. I got real mad. Went to the store bought some RAT SNAP and in a week I got 6 dead rats. Every \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, J. Sudraski & Co., R. P. Mullins. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Health Notes

If you suffer from chapped hands keep a jar of bran by your wash basin. After washing the hands, instead of drying them on a towel, "wash" them again thoroughly in the bran. Rub the meal well into the cracks and wounds. The bran absorbs the moisture from the skin, tends to heal the cracks and will in the course of a week or so entirely remove the trouble, leaving the hands soft and in good condition.

Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming they will notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time a sleep of an hour or even two, as nature guides, will eventually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way it is impossible to get sleep until far into the night.

Even if the girl has no